

He's gotta feel sweet inside
The spark hits
And his mouth is dry
It doesn't matter 'cause he's feeling high
But his eyes are streaming

Spiral ride, nauseous tide
Brain fried, pupils wide
He's gotta have
He's gotta have
Psycho fudge

All the words he speaks are lies
The spark hits
He's no longer shy
His forehead's frowning, but he says he's fine
Cause the nectar's dripping

Just one more little line
A little edge
Helps him lose time
Nothing matters except the next high
But his nose is bleeding